LONDINENSES LACRYMÆ.

LONDONS

Second Tears mingled with her Aſhes.

A POEM

By *John Crouch.*

Non Priamus tanti, totaque Troja fuit.

CRONOGRAM.

Vrbs LonDon CoMbVſta fVIt.

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Londinenſes Lacrymæ.

A POEM.

THou *Queen* of Cities, whoſe unbounded fame
Shadow'd thy Country and thy Countries Name!
London! that word fill'd the vaſt Globe; *Japan*
Saluted *Londoner* for *Engliſh-man.*
'Twas thy peculiar, and unrivall'd pride
At greateſt diſtance to be magnify'd. [*Paris.]
When thy next *Chriſtian* Siſter ſcarce do's know
Whether there be another World or no:
When the falſe *Dutch* more known in Forreign parts,
Buy ſcorn with gold; Merchants of wealth not hearts.
Good Heavens, good in the moſt ſevere Decree!
Muſt *London* firſt burn in *Epitomie*,
And then in groſs? Muſt, O ſharp vengeance! muſt
The *Glory* of the World kiſs her own duſt?
Shall then this *Mole-Hill*, and it's *Ants* expire
By parcels, ſome by water, ſome by fire?
Or do great things, like reſtleſs *Circles*, tend
From their firſt point, unto the laſt, their End?

When

When neither Forreign nor Domeſtick Wars,
The Diſtillations of malignant Stars,
Thunder from Heaven, nor it's *Terreſtial Ape*
Gun-powder, could thy total ruine ſhape;
Nor the long ſmotherings of Fanatick heats,
Which when they broke out ended in cold ſweats:
Shall Balls of Sulphur (Hells blew Tapers) light
Poor *London* to its fun'ral in one night?
Shall *Britains* great *Metropolis* become
Alike in both her Fortunes to old *Rome*?
Whoſe Seat (if we believe Antiquitie)
Is full as old, though not ſo proud as ſhe;
Surviv'd the *Cornucopia* of her Hills:
Time, ſtrongeſt Towns, as well as Bodies, kills!
But when her Life had drawn ſo long a breath,
Muſt ſhe be *mow'd* down by a ſudden Death?
Three days undo three thouſand years? O yes,
One day (when that one comes) ſhall more than this;
Shall make the World one fatal Hearth, That Day
The laſt that ever Hearth ſhall Tribute pay;
Though now as juſt as Law; (And they that Curſe
This *Duty*, may they want both Hearth and Purſe.)
But as in three days our *Jerus'lem* fell,
And gave the World an *eaſie* miracle:
So three (O golden Number) years being gone,
Shall ſpring old *London*'s Reſurrection.
Now (deareſt City) let my Pencil trace
The ſcatter'd lines of thy *diſ-figur'd* Face;

Dropping

Dropping tears as I paſs; tears ſhed too late
To quench thy Heats, and bribe thy ſtubborn fate!
This dreadful Fire firſt ſeiz'd a narrow Lane,
As if the *Dutch* or *French* had laid a Train.
But grant they or that *Boutifeu* their *Roy*, —
Form'd this Cheval for *Britain*'s envy'd *Troy*;
Theſe might the *ſtroke*, did not the *wound* diſpenſe, —
Were but the *Vulcans* of *Jove*'s Providence.
Sin was the Common Cauſe, no faction freed;
Here all *diſſenting* Parties were agreed.
And let the Author of our welfare, be
The welcome Author of our Miſerie!
Rather than Enemies, who but fulfill
Heavens juſt decrees, more by *Inſtinct* then *Skill!* —
The fierce flame gathering ſtrength had warm'd th'Air
And chill'd the people into cold deſpair:
With ſwift wing from it ſtraitned Corner poſts,
And forth-with *Fiſh-ſtreet* and fat *Eaſt-cheap* roſts.
Sunday (to ſcourge our *guilty Reſt* with ſhame)
Had giv'n, full diſpenſation to the flame.
Now *London-Bridge* (expected to provide
Auxiliar forces from the other ſide)
Alarum'd by the fall of Neighb'ring Bells
Takes fire, and *ſinks* into its ſtony Cells;
Blocks up the way with rubbiſh, and dire flames,
Threatning to choke his *undermining Thames*.
Southwark, ſhut out, on it's own banks appear'd
As once when *fiery Cromwell* domineer'd.

Thames-

Thames-ſtreet haſtens it aſhes, to prevent
All aids and ſuccours from the River ſent.
The heated *wind* his flaming arrows caſt,
VVhich ſnatch'd both *ends*, and burnt the *middle* laſt.
Now the proud flame had took the open field
And after *hearts* were vanquiſh'd, all things yeild!
Rores thorough *Cannon-ſtreet* and *Lombardie*
Triumphing o're the Cities *Liberty*.
This fiery *Dragon*, higher ſtill it flyes,
The more extends his wings, and louder cryes.
Juſt ſo that *ſpark* of Treaſon, (firſt ſuppreſt
In the dark *angles* of ſome private breſt)
Breaks through the Mouth and Noſtrills into Squibs,
And having fir'd the Author's reins and ribs,
Kindles from man to man by ſubtile Art,
Till *Rebells* are become the major part:
Thus late Fanaticks in their Zeal of pride
March from cloſe *Wood-ſtreet* into broad *Cheap-ſide*.
Now all in Coaches, Carrs, and VVaggons flye,
London is ſack'd withour an Enemy.
All things of beauty, ſhatter'd loſt and gone;
Little of *London* whole but *London-ſtone*.
As if thoſe Bull-works of her *Wall* and *Thames*
Serv'd but to Circle, and beſiege her flames!
Such active *Rams* beat from each oppoſite *Wall*,
You would have judg'd the fire an *Animal*.
VVhen (ſtrangely) it from adverſe VVindows ror'd:
Neighbour his Neighbour kindl'd and devour'd.

Houſes

Houſes the *Churches*, *Churches Houſes* fir'd,
While *profane* Sparks againſt *divine* conſpir'd.
This devaſtation makes one truth appear,
How ſanctimonious our fore-fathers were;
How thick they built their *Temples*, long conceal'd
By lofty Buildings, now in flames reveal'd.
Then one ſmall Church ſerv'd many Preiſts, but they
The truth is, eat not roſt meat every day.
Now the *profane*, not *ſuperſtitious* Rout
(Whoſe faith aſcends no higher than to doubt)
May, without help of *weekly papers*, tell
Their Churches, to their Eyes made *viſible*.
Our *Non-conformiſts* (if not harden'd) may
Scatter ſome tears, where once they ſcorn'd to pray.
Now the Imperious *Element* did range
Without Controle, kept a full *Ev'ning Change*.
Where the religious *Spices* for ſome Hours,
Seem'd to burn *Incenſe* to th' *incenſed* Powers.
At laſt the flame grown quite rebellious, calls
Our *Sacred Monarchs* to new *Funeralls*.
The *Conquerour* here Conquer'd, tumbles down
As Conſcious of the burthen of a Crown.
Only the good old *Founder*, ſtanding low,
His Station kept, and ſaw the diſmal Show.
Though the *Change* broke, he's not one penny worſe,
Stands firm reſolv'd to viſit his new Burſe.
Which by her **Opticks* happily was ſav'd, *Mr. *Hooke*.
And for the honour of the City pav'd.

Here a good ſum of *active* Silver rais'd
Th' ingenious Beggar, and wiſe Donors prais'd.
All fall to work, aſſiſted by the *Guard*,
To whom, and money, nothing ſeemed hard.
Here fires met fires, but induſtry reclaims
Loſt hope, and quench'd a *Parliament* of flames.
Mean time the Neighb'ring *Steeple* trembling ſtood,
Defended not by Stone, nor Brick, but Wood:
Yet was ſecure 'cauſe *low*; to let us ſee
What ſafety waits upon humilitie!
VVhen *Lawrence*, *Three-Cranes*, *Cornhill*, lofty *Bow*,
Are all chaſtis'd, for making a proud ſhow.
One Steeple loſt its Church, but not one Bell;
Reſerv'd by fate to Ring the City's Knell.
Now the Circumference from every part
The Center ſcalds; poor *London* pants at heart!
Cheapſide the fair, is at a fatal loſs
VVants the old bleſſing of her golden Croſs.
Poor *Paul* the Aged has been ſadly toſt,
Reform'd, then after *Reformation* loſt;
Plac'd in a Circle of Heaven's fiery wrath:
The *Saint* was tortur'd when he broke his *Faith!*
At the *Eaſt-End* a ſpacious ſheet of Lead
(Rent from the reſt) his Altar canoped;
But from its *Coale* below ſtrange fires did riſe,
And the whole *Temple* prov'd the ſacrifice.
Altars may others ſave, but cannot be
(VVhen Heaven forſakes 'em) their own Sanctuarie!

Then

Then was their doleful *Muſick* as the *Quire*,
When the ſweet *Organs* breath was turn'd to fire.
Was 't not enough the holy Church had been
Invaded in her Rites and Diſcipline?
Muſt her known Fundamentals be baptiz'd
In purging flames, and *Paul's School* chatechiz'd?
She that had long her tardy *Pupills* ſtripp'd,
Is now her ſelf with *fiery Scorpions* whipp'd.
But when I paſs the *ſacred Martyrs* Weſt
I cloſe my Eyes and ſmite my troubled Breaſt;
VVhat ſhall we now for his dear Mem'ry do
VVhen fire *un-carves*, and *Stones* are mortal too?
Let it ſtand un-repair'd, for ever keep
Its mournful dreſs, thus for its Founder weep.
By this time *Lud* with the next *Newgate* ſmokes,
And their dry Pris'ners in the Dungeon chokes;
VVho left by Keepers to their own reprives
Broke Goale, not for their Liberty but Lives;
VVhile good *Eliza* on the out-ſide Arch
Fir'd into th' *old Mode*, ſtands in *Yellow Starch*.
Though fancy makes not Pictures live, or love,
Yet Pictures fancy'd may the *fancy* move:
Me-thinks the *Queen* on *White-Hall* caſt her Eye;
An Arrow could not more directly flye.
But when ſhe ſaw her *Palace* ſafe, her fears
Vaniſh, one Eye drops *ſmiles*, the other *tears*.
VVhere *(Chriſt-Church)* is thy *half-Cathedral* now?
Fallen too? then all but Heaven to Fate muſt bow!

VVhere

VVhere is thy famous *Hoſpital?* muſt ſtill
The greateſt good be recompens'd with *ill?*
That Houſe of *Orphans* clad in honeſt blew;
The VVorld's Example, but no parallel knew.
Cold *Charity* has been a long Complaint,
Here ſhe was too *warm* like a martyr'd Saint.
VVhere are thoſe ſtately Fabricks of our *Halls*,
Founders of *ſumptuous Feaſts* and *Hoſpitalls?*
VVhere is the *Guild*, that place of grand reſort
For Civil Rights, the Royal Cities Court?
Forc'd to take Sanctuary in the *Tower*,
To ſhow, what ſafety is in Regal Power!
Not *Gog* or *Magog* could defend it; Theſe
Had they had ſenſe, had been in *Little-Eaſe.*
Chymnies and ſhatter'd VValls we gaze upon
Our Bodie Politicks ſad Skeleton!

Now was the diſmal Conflagration ſtopp'd,
Having ſome branches of the Suburbs lopp'd.
Though moſt within the verge; As if th' ad ſhow'd
Their mutual *freedome* was to be deſtroy'd.
VVhen after one dayes reſt. The *Temple* ſmokes,
And with freſh *fires* and *fears* the *Strand* provokes
But with good Conduct all was ſlak'd that night
By one more valiant than a *Templar Knight.*
Here a briſk Rumour of affrighted Gold
Sent hundreds in; more Covetous than bold.
But a brave Seaman up the Tyles did skip
As nimbly as the Cordage of a Ship,

Beſtrides

Beſtrides the ſings'd Hall on its higheſt ridge,
Moving as if he were on *London-Bridge*,
Or on the *Narrow* of a Skullers Keel:
Feels neither head nor heart nor ſpirits reel.
Had ſome few Thouſands been as bold as hee,
And *London*, in her fiery Tryal *free*;
Then (with ſubmiſſion to the higheſt will)
London now buried had been living ſtill.
Thus Chant the people, who are ſeldom wiſe
Till things be paſt, before-hand have no Eyes.
But when I ſigh my ſelf into a pauſe,
I find another more determin'd cauſe:
Had *Tyber* ſwell'd his monſtrous *Waves*, and come
Over the ſeven Hills of our flaming *Rome*,
'T had been in vain: no leſs than *Noah*'s flood
Can quench flames kindled by a *Martyr*'s blood.
Now *Loyal London* has full Ranſome paid
For that *Defection* the *Diſloyal* made:
Whoſe *Aſhes* hatch'd by a kind *Monarch*'s breath,
Shall riſe a fairer *Phœnix* after Death.

FINIS.